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SHAKESPEARE's

DRAMATICK WORKS.

VOLUME FIFTH.

Containing

HENRY VI. PART I.
HENRY VI. PART II.
HENRY VI. PART III.
RICHARD III.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

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The Dramatick Works of William Shakespear

PRINTED COMPLETE

WITH Dr. Samuel Johnson's

PREFACE and NOTES

To which is prefixed

The

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Vol. V.

Munroe & Francis' Edition.

Boston:

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THE FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.—The historical transactions, contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453; and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. THEOBALD.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the 2d and 3d parts were published without the first may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the public those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before *Henry the Fifth* is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts.

Henry the Sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made all England rue,
Which oft our stage hath shewn.

"France is lost" in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The two first parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts: the first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shewn on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
Duke of GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the king, and protector.*
Duke of BEDFORD, *uncle to the king, and regent of France.*
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *bishop of Winchester, and great uncle to the king.*
Duke of EXETER.
Duke of SOMERSET.
Earl of WARWICK.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl of SUFFOLK.
Lord TALBOT.
Young TALBOT, *his son.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *afterwards duke of York.*
MORTIMER, *earl of March.*
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. WOODVILLE, *lieutenant of the Tower. Lord Mayor of London. Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE. *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE. *Sir* WILLIAM LUCY.
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.*

CHARLES, *dauphin, and afterwards king of France.*
REIGNIER, *duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.*
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of ALENÇON.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master Gunner of Orleans. Boy, his son.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, and afterwards queen to king Henry.*
Countess of AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc, a maid pretending to be inspired from heaven, and setting up for the championess of France.*
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE—partly in England, and partly in France.

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THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey. Dead march. Enter the funeral of King HENRY *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* BEDFORD, *regent of France; the Duke of* GLOUCESTER, *protector; the Duke of* EXETER, *and the Earl of* WARWICK; *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, *and the Duke of* SOMERSET.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

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Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?[1]
Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glou. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace !
Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us :—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck :
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invocate ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright———.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture ;

---

[1] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song. JOHNS.

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Guienne, Champaign, Rheims, Orleans,[2]
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
—Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glou. Is Paris lost? Is Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mes. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the fleur-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern. Regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.[3]

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side. [*Exit.*
Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

---

[2] This verse might be completed by the insertion of Roan among the places lost, as Glo'ster in the next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEV.

[3] That is, Their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARB.

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Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats :—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mes.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
3 *Mes.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large,
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon;
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight cuntinued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew;
The French exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!"
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;[4]
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

[4] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in Henry V. The occasion whereof is that this play was written before Henry IV. or Henry V." But Sir John Fattolfe (for so he is called) was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comic character afterwards introduced by our author. THEO.

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Hence grew the general wreck and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3*Mes.* O no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay ;
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal :
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3*Mes.* So you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd ;
The English army is grown weak and faint :
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply :
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny.
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn :
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

Before Orleans in France. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *marching with a drum and soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
The while, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound, alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English with great loss.*

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs, cowards, dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,[5]

---

[5] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of "giving one a Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. WARB.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. to give a person as good a one as he brings. STEEV.

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During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified,
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[6] or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;[7]
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome;[8]
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

(6) A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now by the vulgar called a gimcrack. JOHNS.

(7) Chear—countenance, appearance. STEEV.

(8) There were no nine Sibyls of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARB.

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Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself:
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine fleur-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Tourain, in Saint Catherine's churchyard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.

[*Here they fight, and* JOAN LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*

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Dau. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,[9]
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters, were like thee.[1]
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

(9) That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNS.
(1) Meaning the four daughters of Philip, mentioned in the Acts. HANM.

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How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Presently we'll try: Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tower-Gates, in London. Enter GLOUCESTER, *with his Serving-Men.*

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[2]
Where be these warders, that they wait not here;
Open the gates. 'Tis Gloucester that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?
1 *Man.* It is the noble duke of Gloucester.
2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOUCESTER'*s Men rush at the Tower-gates, and* WOODVILE, *the lieutenant, speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Glo'ster, that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester! that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector;
We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

(2) Conveyance means theft. HANMER.

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Enter to the Protector, at the Tower-gates, WINCHESTER, *and his Men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glou. Piel'd priest,[3] dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:[4]
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,[5]
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.[6]

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
—Draw, men, for all this privileg'd place;
Blue coats to tawny coats.—Priest, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Glo'ster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose![7] I cry—A rope! a rope!
—Now beat them hence. Why do you let them stay?
—Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOUCESTER's *Men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

---

(3) Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

(4) The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

(5) This means, I believe,—I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve. STEEV.

(6) About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel.—Maundrel's Travels. POPE.

(7) A trumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNS.

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Glou. Peace, mayor; for thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the tower to his use.
Win. Here's Glo'ster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*They skirmish again.*
Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:
—Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

Offi. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling-places: and not wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Glo'ster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be thou sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away;—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel; thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Glo'ster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Orleans in France. Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

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Boy. Father, I know: and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M.Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me;
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Went, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;[8]
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch;
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter the lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *with Sir* W. GLANSDALE *and Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *on the turrets.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so pill'd esteem'd.[9]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, oh! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

---

[8] i. e. The English went, not through a secret grate, but went to over-peer the city through a secret grate which is in yonder tower. I did not know till of late that this passage had been thought difficult. JOHNS.
[9] So pill'd—means, so pillag'd, so stripp'd of honours. STEEV.

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In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all ;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me ;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly ;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, on the other side, with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd :
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans :
Here through this grate I can count every one,
And view the Frenchman how they fortify ;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate : for there stand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE *fall down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us ?
—Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off !—
Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy.
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars :

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Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail.
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
—O Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, while——
—He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power, to raise the siege.
[*Here* SALISBURY *lifteth himself up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or pussel, Dauphin or dog-fish,[1]
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey brave Salisbury into this tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

---

[1] It should be remembered, that in Shakespeare's time the word Dauphin was always written Dolphin. STEEV.
Puffel means, a dirty wench, or a drab. TOLLET.

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SCENE V.

Here an alarum again; and TALBOT *pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee;
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,[2]
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewel; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum. Then enters the town with Soldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canst! I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[*Exit* PUCELLE.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarm.*
—Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,

(2) The superstition of those times taught, that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power. JOHNS.

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Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.——
[*Alarm. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be :—Retire into your trenches :
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* TALBOT. *Alarm, retreat, flourish.*

SCENE VI.

Enter on the wall, PUCELLE, *Dauphin*, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves :—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
More blessed hap did ne'er befal our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town ?
—Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dau. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
For which, I will divide my crown with her :
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's,[3] or Memphis, ever was :

[3] Rhodope was a famous ſtrumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. One of the pyramids of Memphis was raiſed by the proſtitution of the king's daughter. I think he means to call her ſtrumpet all the while he is making this lond praiſe of her. JOHNS.

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In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius
Transported, shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans. Enter a French Serjeant with two Centinels.

Serjeant.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*]—Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, *and* BURGUNDY, *with scaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent—and redoubted Burgundy—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us——
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

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Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George! A Talbot!*

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what all unready so?[4]

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES *and* JOAN.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

[4] Unready was the current word in those times for undress'd. JOHNS.

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That now our loss might be ten times as much ?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend ?
At all times will you have my power alike ?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail ?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?—
Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default ;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her own quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels :
Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way : 'tis sure, they found some part,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this ;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarm. Enter a soldier, crying, a Talbot ! a Talbot ! they fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *&c.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury ;
And here advance it in the market-place,

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The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood, was drawn from him,
There have at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans:
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull:
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty, admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

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Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Countess of AUVERGNE's *Castle. Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. [*As musing.*] Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

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It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here;
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently,

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Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple garden. Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another Lawyer.*

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plant. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?[5]

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

(5) Here is apparently a want of oppofition between the two queftions. I once read,—Or elfe was wrangling Somerfet i' th' right? JOHNS.

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War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice, sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.[6]

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours;[7] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;[8]

(6) This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of "saying a thing under the rose," I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the White and Red Rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he "said it under the rose;" meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. WARB.——The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. UPTON.

(7) Colours is here used ambiguously for tints and deceits. JOHNS.

(8) Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNS.

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If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plant. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.
Plant. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plant. Proud Pool, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De la Pool!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

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His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?[0]

Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege,[1]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?[2]
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pool, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory
To scourge you for this apprehension:[3]
Look to it well; and say, you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forwards, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pool.—Farewel, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Glo'ster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,

(0) I. e. Those who have now no right to arms. WARB.
(1) The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNS.
(2) Exempt, for excluded. (3) Apprehension, i.e. opinion. WARB.

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Against proud Somerset and William Pool,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose, and the white,
A thousand souls to death, and deadly night.
Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Tower. Enter MORTIMER,[4] *brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new-haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,[5]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.[6]
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[7]
Weak shoulders, over-borne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms,[8] like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting, I no other comfort have.—

(4) Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, obſerves, that Shakeſpeare has varied from the truth of hiſtory, to introduce this ſcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer ſerved under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland, 1424. Holinſhed ſays, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V. STEEV.

(5) Purſuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNS.

(6) This Edmund Mortimer, when king Richard II. ſet out upon his fatal Iriſh expedition, was declared by that prince heir apparent to the crown: for which reaſon K. Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in priſon during their whole reigns. THEO. (7) Exigent, end. JOHNS.

(8) Pith was uſed for marrow, and, figuratively, for ſtrength. JOHNS.

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But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,[8]
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?
Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp:
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?
Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my dis-ease.[9]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Amongst which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,

[8] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. JOHNS.
[9] Diseafe—feems to be here, uneafinefs or difcontent. JOHNS.

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Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plant. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his cousin Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty[1] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York—
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plant. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather;[2]

---

[1] Haughty is high. JOHNS.
[2] The sense is—I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequence, which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. REVISAL.

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But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plant. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence:
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plant. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good:
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewel: and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*

Plant. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-pass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast:
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:[3]
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

[3] We are to underſtand the ſpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the north, in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in aſſerting his claim to the crown, in ſupport of his own princely ambition. WARB.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The Parliament. Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET. GLOUCESTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Winchester.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphry of Glo'ster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly:
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace:
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, the sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Glo'ster, I defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance

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Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, which hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he:
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Glo'ster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.[4]
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.
Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Rich. 'Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
'Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should,*
'*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?*
'Else would I have a fling at Winchester.' [*Aside.*
K. Henry. Uncles of Glo'ster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!

[4] Roam to Rome. To roam, is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNS.

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Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—
[*A noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again,* Stones! stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Glo'ster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out;
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Men in skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
—Pray, uncle Glo'ster, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll to it with our teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd sight aside.[9]
3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man,
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an ink-horn mate,[1]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, stay, I say!

[9] Unaccustom'd is unseemly, indecent. JOHNS.
[1] An inkhorn mate—is a bookman. JOHNS.

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And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
—Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;
—Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.[2]—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Glo'ster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Glo'ster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

[2] i. e. feels an emotion of kind remorse. JOHNS.

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2 *Serv.* So will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*
War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
—Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As willeth the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And faithful service till the point of death.
K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,[3]
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.
Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall;
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York.
Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*
Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love,
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Henry. When Glo'ster says the word, king Henry goes;

[3] Reguerdon—recompence, return. JOHNS.

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For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[4]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,
That Henry, born at Monmouth, shall win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roan in France. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE *disguised, and Soldiers, with sacks upon their backs, like Countrymen.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach:—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope, we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.
1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a means to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. Qui va là?
Pucel. Paisons, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[4] That is, so will the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance. JOHNS.

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Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and ALENÇON.

Dau. St. Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:[5]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness,[6] which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE *on a battlement, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shine it like a comet in revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarm:* TALBOT *in an excursion.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.[7] [*Exit.*

An alarm: excursions. Enter BEDFORD *brought in sick, in a chair, with* TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY, *without. Within,* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *Dauphin, Bastard, and* ALENÇON, *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good-morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel: do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

(5) Practice, in the language of that time, was treachery, and perhaps in the softer sense, stratagem. Practisants are therefore confederates in stratagem. JOHNS.

(6) That is, no way equal to that, no way so fit as that. JOHNS.

(7) Pride signifies the haughty power. WARB.

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Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh, let not words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with his shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the rest, whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare you come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be with you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried:
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,

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Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!
—And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exe.* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces.*

An alarm: excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill-fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. PUCELLE, ALENÇON, *and Dauphin, fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

An alarm: enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the rest.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:—
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart: and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

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I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.
Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die:
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The plain near the city. Enter Dauphin, Bastard, ALENÇON, *and* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;

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Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums beat afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Here beats an English march.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread:
And all the troops of English after him.

[*French march.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, Pucelle! and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent,

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Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind—and mark but this for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was not he in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spight of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them, will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of her's
Have batter'd me like roaring cannot-shot,[8]
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces, and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done, like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again![9]

Dau. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. An apartment in the palace. Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. My gracious prince—and honourable peers—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

(8) How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. JOH.
(9) The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have

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I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Let's fall the sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Glo'ster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted your reward,
Or been regeurdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King*, GLOU. TAL. *&c.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take you that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;[1]

---

read a differtation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNS.

(1) I believe the line should be written thus,
That, who so draws a sword——
. e. with a menace in the court or in the presence-chamber. STEEV.

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Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Paris. A room of state. Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *and Governor of Paris.*

Gloucester.

LORD bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the Sixth!
Glou. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[2]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg, [*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
—Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Poictiers,—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty 'squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

[2] To pretend—to design, to intend. JOHNS.

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Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,[3]
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
—And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle, duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the king.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

[3] Haughty is here in its original ſenſe for high. JOHNS.

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K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glou. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:
—My lord, how say you? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit* TAL.

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
—Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,

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To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
—Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight.
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset,
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord,
Glou. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
—And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.
Exe. It grieve his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.
K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants;
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation;
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

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That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That, for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife,
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And, therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Manent YORK, WARWICK, EXETER, *and* VERNON.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator,
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist, he did—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manent EXETER.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,

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I fear we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Walls of Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT, *with Trumpets and Drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter the General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would——Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For I protest we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.

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Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery[4]
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;[5]
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
—O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:[6]
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;[7]
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,[8]
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
—God, and St. George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of France. Enter a Messenger, meeting YORK, *who enters with a trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,

---

[4] I do not understand the phrase 'to rive artillery,' perhaps it might be to drive; we say, to drive a blow, and to drive at a man, when we mean to express furious assault. JOHNS.

[5] To due—is to endue, to deck, to grace. JOHNS.

[6] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle. JOHNS.

[7] A rascal-deer is the term of chace for lean poor deer. JOHNS.

[8] Continuing the image of the deer, he supposes the lances to be their horns. JOHNS.

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That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he marched along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,[9]
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewel wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.
York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel towards his warlike father:
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,

[9] To lowt—may signify to depress, to lower, to dishonour. JOHNS.

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That sundred friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition[1]
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquests of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—While they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of France. Enter SOMERSET, *with his Army.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with; the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,[2]
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring,[3] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

(1) Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. (2) Environ'd, encircled. JOHNS.
(3) Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNS.

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Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[4]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds;
Orleans the bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT *and his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,[5]
A terrible and unavoidable danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;

(4) In this line, emulation fignifies merely rivalry, not ftruggle for fuperior excellence. JOHNS.

(5) To a field where death will be feafted with flaughter. JOHNS.

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And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then, let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;[7]
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In your's they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

(7) Your care of your own safety. JOHNS.

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Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side, together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarm: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'*s Son is hemm'd about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. St. George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage.

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To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and, if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of your's draw life-blood from my heart;
Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,[8]
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet.
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter old TALBOT, *led by the French.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death! smear'd with captivity![9]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:——
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, bid commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,[1] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench

(8) To like one to the peasants is, to compare, to level by comparison. JOH.
(9) That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNS.
(1) Watching me with tenderness in my fall. JOHNS.

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His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter JOHN TALBOT, *borne.*

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. Thou antic death,[2] which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,[3]
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks: as who should say,
"Had death been French, then death had died to-day."
—Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *Bastard, and* PUCELLE.

Charles.
HAD York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[4]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But, with a proud, majestical, high scorn,
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*

(2) The fool, or antic, of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNS.
(3) Lither is flexible, or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says,
" —— He with broad sails
" Winnow'd the buxom air."
That is, the obsequious air. JOHNS.
(4) Raging-wood signifies raging mad. STEEV.

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To be the pillage of a giglot wench:[6]
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder:
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Conduct me to the dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, dauphin? 'tis a meer French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchingfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Pucel. Here is a silly stately style, indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.—
Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your king's terror and black Nemesis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life!

(6) Giglot is a wanton, or a strumpet. JOHNS.

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It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Pucel. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em: to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrify the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I bear
Them hence: but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix, that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid, do with them what thou wilt.
—And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

England. Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Henry. How doth your grace affect this motion?
Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our christion blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.
K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Henry. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study, and my books,

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Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER *as Cardinal.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Henry. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover: where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King and Train.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth,[7] nor for authority,
The bishop will be over-borne by thee:

[7] I would read, for birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate and thy authority supreme. JOHNS.

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I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

France. Enter Dauphin, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, *Bastard*, REIGNIER, *and* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, this warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurst:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords: and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm: Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
—Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[8]
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

[8] Charms fowed up. Ezek. xiii. 18. "Woe to them that fow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt fouls." POPE.
Periapts were worn about the neck as prefervatives from difeafe or danger. Of thefe, the firft chapter of St. John's Gofpel was deemed the moft efficacious. STEEV.

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Under the lordly monarch of the north,[9]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. Oh, Charles the dauphin is a proper man;

(9) The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNS.
The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he "will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." STEEV.

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No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; [*Gazes on her.*
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd,
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass!
My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,[1]
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pool! disable not thyself![2]
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

[1] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNS.

[2] Do not represent thyself so weak. To disable the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNS.

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Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.[3]
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause——
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Asi.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

[3] An aukward buſineſs, an undertaking not likely to ſucceed. STEEV.

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Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam: are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth;
—And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, nor feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpet sounds. Enter REIGNIER *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly

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Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewel, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord! good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, sweet madam! Hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king. [*Ex.* REI. & MAR.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount
Mad,[4] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Ex.*

[4] By the word 'mad' I believe the poet meant wild, or uncultivated. We call a wild girl, to this day, "a mad-cap." STEEV.

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SCENE V.

Camp of the Duke of YORK *in Anjou. Enter* YORK, WARWICK, *a Shepherd, and* PUCELLE.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless, cruel death!
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter, I will die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother, living yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![5]
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake, have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'st her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish, some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pu. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

[5] A vulgar corruption of obstinate, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNS.

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By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless bloods of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![6] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Tis neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.

[6] No ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities. STEEV.

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York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pu. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves![7]

[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal of WINCHESTER.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation, and the aspiring French;
And see at hand the dauphin and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel come to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *Bastard, and* REIGNIER.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

[7] Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has commonly been imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNS.

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York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou, by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,[2]
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen

[2] 'Benefit' is here a term of law. Be content to live as the Beneficiary of our king. JOHNS.

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By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to the Dauphin.*
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
Char. It shall: [stand?
Only reserv'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when you please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

England. A room in the palace. Enter SUFFOLK, *in conference with King* HENRY; GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret, hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, grac'd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them),
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intent,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

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—Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is bethroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph[3] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds,
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance,
Glou. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us.
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord, and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

[3] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNS.

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Whom should we match with Henry being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
(More than in woman commonly is seen,) will
Answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping: post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say, for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
We hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

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THE SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.—This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions, of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history.

The Three Parts of Henry VI.—These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of King John, Richard II. or the tragic scenes of Henry IV. and V.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted. JOHNSON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
Duke of GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the king.*
Duke of YORK, *pretending to the crown.*
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *bishop of Winchester, and great uncle to the king.*
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *Duke of* SOMERSET, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, } *of the king's party.*
Earl of SALISBURY, *Earl of* WARWICK, } *of the York faction.*
Lord CLIFFORD, *of the king's party.*
Lord SAY.
Lord SCALES, *governor of the Tower.*
Sir HUMPHRY STAFFORD.
Young STAFFORD, *his brother.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*
Young CLIFFORD, *son to lord Clifford.*
EDWARD PLANTAGENET, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, } *sons to the duke of York.*
VAUX, *a sea captain, and* WALTER WHITMORE, *pirates.*
A Herald. HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two priests.*
BOLINGBROOK, *an astrologer.*
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the witch.
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver, and several others, rebels.*

MARGARET, *queen to king Henry VI. secretly in love with the duke of Suffolk.*
Dame ELEANOR, *wife to the duke of Gloucester.*
Mother JORDAN, *a witch, employed by the duchess of Gloucester.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several parts of England.

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THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

The Palace. Flourish of Trumpets; then Hautboys. Enter King HENRY, *Duke* HUMPHRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* BEAUFORT, *on the one Side; the Queen,* SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *on the other.*

Suffolk.

AS by your high imperial majesty[1]
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*
To your most gracious hand that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessing to my soul;
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

(1) Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 66. year 23. init. POPE.

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The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;[2]
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder liefest sovereign,[3]
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fullness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness! [*Flourish.*

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

Item, *That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her fa*—— [Lets fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord:
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,

(2) I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNS.

(3) Alder-liefest is a corruption of the German word, alder-liebste, beloved above all things. STEEV.

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And gird thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Glo'ster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,[4]
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in: and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* SUFFOLK.

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief, of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despight of foes;
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

(4) Undoubtedly we should read, from a regard both to the sense and the metre,—We thank you all for this great favour done. REVISAL.

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This peroration with such circumstances?[5]
For France, 'tis our's; and we will keep it still.
Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy;—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son
War. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both:
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no 'vantages.
Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——
Car. My lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Farewel, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

(5) This ſpeech crowded with ſo many inſtances of aggravation. JOHNS.

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'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :
Nay more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown ;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts : be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humphry, the good duke of Glo'ster* ;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your royal excellence !
With, *God preserve the good duke Humphry !*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself ?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoist duke Humphry from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside ;
If Glo'ster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphry, or the cardinal,
[*Exeunt* BUCK. *and* SOM.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphry duke of Glo'ster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,—
More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age !

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Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphry.—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
Join we together, for the publick good;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause. [*Asi.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! Oh, father, Maine is lost:
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine:
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WAR. *and* SAL.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.[6]
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own;
So York must sit, and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands, are bargain'd for, and sold.

(6) Tickle is very often used for ticklish by poets contemporary with Shakespeare. STEEV.

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Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given to the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphry,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a-while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphry with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster:
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

Exit.

SCENE II.

The Duke of GLOUCESTER's *House. Enter Duke* HUMPHRY, *and his Wife* ELEANOR.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.

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Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine :
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Glo'ster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphry, my sweet duke,
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd ;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor !
Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more,

Elean. What, what, my lord, are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

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And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exit* GLOU.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.——
Where are you there, Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdan, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbrook, the conjuror?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum!*
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:

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Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both,—a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphry's fall;
Sort how it will,[7] I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER *the Armourer's Man, being one.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*reads.*] *To my lord protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them: what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—
What's your's; what's here? [*reads.*] *Against the duke*

[7] Let the issue be what it will. JOHNS.

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of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Suf. [reads.] *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

Q. Mar. What, did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who's there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit* PETER, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion of the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Glo'ster's governance?
And I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets, and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

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Your highness came to England ; so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Q. Mar. Beside the proud protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York ; and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphry's wife ;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty :
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her ;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest : And, madam, list to me ;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphry in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit :[8]
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

To them enter King HENRY, *Duke* HUMPHRY, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and the Duchess of* GLOUCESTER.

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

(8) That is, the complaint of Peter the armourer's man againſt his maſter for ſaying that York was the rightful king. JOHNS.

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Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q.Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure:[9] these are no women's matters.
Q.Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou?)
The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck:
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q.Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France—
If they were known, as the suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*
—Give me my fan: What, minion! can ye not?
[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

[9] Through all these plays, Censure is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. JOHNS.

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K.Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Ele. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Duke HUMPHRY.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
—But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER *the Armourer, and his Man* PETER, *guarded.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K.Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me. What are these?

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Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man,
His words were these ;—"that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper."

K.Henry. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter ; God is my witness I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech :—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice ; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me : I have good witness of this ; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K.Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphry's doom.

K.Henry. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake, pity my case ! the spite of a man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a blow : O Lord, my heart !——

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K.Henry. Away with them to prison : and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

Duke HUMPHRY's *house.* *Enter Mother* JORDAN, HUME, SOUTHWEL, *and* BOLINGBROOK.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.]—Mother Jordan, be prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter ELEANOR, *above.*

Elean. Well said, my masters; and welcome, all. To this geer—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,[3]
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the Circle;* BOLINGBROOK, *or* SOUTHWEL, *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jord. Asmuth,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

---

(1) The old quarto reads, 'the filence of the night.' The variation between the copies is worth notice.

"Bolingbrook makes a circle.

"Bol. Dark night, dread night, the filence of the night,
"Wherein the furies maik in hellifh troops,
"Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
"The fpirit Afcalon to come to me;
"To pierce the bowels of this central earth,
"And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
"Afcalon, afcend! afcend!" STEEV.

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Spirit. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said or done!
Boling. First of the king. What shall of him become?
Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
[*As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.*
Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What shall befal the duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid![2]
[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter the Duke of YORK, *and the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you
—Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:
—Stafford, take her to thee.——
We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all;
Away! [*Exeunt Guards with* JOURD. SOUTH. *&c.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

---

[2] Inſtead of this ſhort ſpeech at the diſmiſſion of the fiend, the old quarto gives us the following:

"Then down, I ſay, unto the damned pool,
"Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
"Riding amidſt the ſing'd and parched ſmoaks,
"The road of Dytas, by the river Styx;
"There howle and burn forever in thoſe flames.——
"Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas is printed by miſtake for Ditis, the genitive caſe of Dis, which is uſed inſtead of the nominative by more than one dramatick author contemporary with Shakeſpeare. STEEV.

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A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!
Now, pray, my lords, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
—Come, come, my lords:
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards St. Alban's:
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-Man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Alban's. Enter King HENRY, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hallooing.*

Queen Margaret.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,[3]
I saw no better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[4]

[3] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNS.

[4] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that, the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNS.

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K.Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.[5]
Suf. No marvel, an it please your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
K.Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown,[6] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so peremptory?
Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice:
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q.Mar. And thy ambition, Glo'ster.
K.Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on these two too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glou. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that. *Aside.*
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glou. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, *Aside.*
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

(5) Fain, in this place, signifies fond. The word, as I am informed, is still used in Scotland. STEEV.
(6) To bait, or brat (bathe) is a term in falconry. JOHNS.

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Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and if thou dar'st, } *Asi.*
This evening, on the east-side of the grove.
K. Henry. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport.——Come with thy two hand sword. [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER.
Glou. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glou. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?
Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice teipsum*;
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
K. Henry. The winds grow high: so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, A Miracle.

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight!
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter Mayor of St. Alban's, and his Brethren, bearing SIMPCOX *between two in a chair,* SIMPCOX's *Wife following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.
Glou. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,

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His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K.Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K.Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K.Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd past,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good St. Alban; who said, *Saunder, come,*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glou. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glou. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let's see thine eyes;—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and St. Alban.

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Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glou. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why, then thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glou. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glou. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glou. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glou. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an it please you, master.
Glou. Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lord, St. Alban here hath done a miracle;
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glou. My masters of St. Albans,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?
Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glou. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.—Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle, with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over the same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

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Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow and cry,* A Miracle!

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipt through every market-town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the Woman.*

Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,[7]
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming[8] yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to* GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;

(7) Lewdly, in this place, and in some others, does not signify wantonly, but wickedly. STEEV.

(8) That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNS.

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Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.
K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure whose rightful cause prevails.[9]
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of YORK's *Garden. Enter* YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:——
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;

[9] The ſenſe will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood,
——juſtice' equal ſcale,
Whoſe beam ſtand ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevail. JOHNS.

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The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Glo'ster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
I claim the crown) had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmond had issue, Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue, Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
But, to the rest——

York. His elder sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was the son
To Edmond Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edward Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fail, his should not reign:

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It fails not yet; but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together:
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphry:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall seek their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A hall of justice. Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess, Mother* JOURDAN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROOK, *under guard.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glo'ster's wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again:
[*To the other Prisoners.*

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From thence, unto the place of execution :
The witch, in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt* ELEANOR, *and the others, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !
—I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.[1]

K. Henry. Stay, Humphry duke of Glo'ster, ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet :
And go in peace, Humphry ; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.——
God and king Henry govern England's realm :[2]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king : when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne !

[*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

Q. Mar. Why, now, is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;
And Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once—

(1) That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease. JOHNS.

(2) The word 'realm' at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, 'govern England's helm.' JOHNS.

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His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught,[3] there let it stand
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go.[4] Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefor
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O'God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,[5]
Or more affraid to fight than is the appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it:[6] and, at the other door, his Man with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[7]

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink and fear not your man.

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(3) Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb reach. STEEV.

(4) i. e. Let him paſs out of your thoughts. Duke Humphry had already left the ſtage. STEEV. (5) In a worſe plight. JOHNS.

(6) As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an ebon ſtaff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with ſand. To this cuſtom Hudibras has alluded in theſe humorous lines:

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
"As men with ſand-bags did of old." WARB.

(7) Charneco—A common name for a ſort of ſweet wine, as appears from a paſſage in a pamphlet, printed 1612. "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, ſome the Gaſcony, ſome the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither ſherry, ſack, nor charneco, maligo, nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquoriſh ipocras, brown beloved baſtard, fat aligant, or any quick-ſpirited liquor." And as charneca is, in Spaniſh, the name of a kind of turpentine tree, I imagine the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour reſembling it. WARB.

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Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for the credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you: for I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.[8]

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and* PETER *strikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?
O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

[8] Ascapart—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne,
"Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
"Charing-cross for a bar," &c. JOHNS.

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The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The street. Enter Duke HUMPHRY, *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

Glou. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's a clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Unneath[9] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Glo'ster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Glo'ster, teach me to forget myself:

(9) i. e. Scarcely. POPE.

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For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[1] with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet:
And, when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that ere I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime, I'll say, I am duke Humphry's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:[2]
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

(1) Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNS.

(2) The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNS.

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These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit Herald.*

—My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray You use her well: the world may laugh again;[3] And I may live to do you kindness, if You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exit.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee; For none abides with me: my joy is death; Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid, Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

—Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence; I care not whither, for I beg no favour, Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man; There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach; And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphry's lady, According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare; Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is discharg'd.— Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet; And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet: No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

[3] That is, the world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNS.

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And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.[4] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury. Enter King HENRY, *Queen, Cardinal,* SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK *to the Parliament.*

King Henry.

I MUSE, my lord of Glo'ster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself;
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars:
And Humphry is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then,[5] it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

(4) This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers JOHNS.

(5) That is, It seemeth to me; a word more grammatical than 'methinks,' which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNS.

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By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.—
My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repeating of his high descent
(As next the king, he was successive heir),
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep:
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Glo'ster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphry.

K. Henry. My lords, at once; The care you have of us;
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Glo'ster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,

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As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :
The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q.Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance !
Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd ;
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him ;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K.Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K.Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's will be done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away :
But I will remedy this gear ere long,[6]
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Glo'ster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me ? where am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

[6] Gear was a general word for things or matters. JOHNS.

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Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known, that, while I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:[7]
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Glo'ster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;

[7] Eafy, is flight, inconfiderable, as in other paffages of this author. JOH.

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And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate:
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:——
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:[8]—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:
—Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm, to bear his body:

(8) Liefest is dearest. JOHNS.

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Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate?
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And, as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Glo'ster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say, *Who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none.* [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free lords,[9] cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too fond of foolish pity: and Glo'ster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd on a flow'ring bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,

(9) By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARB.

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That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Glo'ster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than distrust, that shews him worthy death.
York. So that by this you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.[1]
—But, my lord cardinal—and you, my lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphry for the king's protector?
Q.Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;[2]
As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.
Q.Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

(1) York had more reason, because duke Humphry stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. STEEV.

(2) The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphry may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy before he has committed any actual crime. JOHNS.

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Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[3]

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,[4]
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.[5]

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.——

Som. If York, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin.
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:——
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

---

[3] I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNS.

[4] That is, Approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNS.

[5] It skills not—it is of no importance. JOHNS.

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Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number thee, that wishest shame!
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each country some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphry.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd,

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You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[6]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,[7]
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will,)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

(6) Flaw, is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNS.

(7) A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNS.

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SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter two or three running over the stage from the murder of Duke HUMPHREY.

First. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
Second. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sir, have you dispatch'd this thing?
First. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First. Yes, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter King HENRY, *the Queen, Cardinal,* SOMERSET, *with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. Lords, take your places: And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glo'ster,
Than from true evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman.
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Glo'ster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment. I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

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Q.Mar. How fares my lord?—help, lords, the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q.Mar. Run, go; help, help! Oh, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K.Henry. O heavenly God!

Q.Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K.Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[8] to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Glo'ster's dead.

Q.Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood consuming sighs recal his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K.Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ster, wretched man!

(8) Juft now, even now. JOHNS.

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Q. Mar. Be woe for me,[9] more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glo'ster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this? but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it:
And so, I wish'd thy body might my heart;
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

(9) That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloucester, but for me. JOHNS.

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To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphry traiterously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in their revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:[1]
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes in.*

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;

[*A bed, with* GLOUCESTER's *body, put forth.*

And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

[1] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNS.

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War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[2]
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sirs, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphry's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And, 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphry's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

[2] All that is true of the Body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the Soul. I would read,
Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.
I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakespeare's. JOHNS.

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But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphry's death.
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her shameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphry's ghost. [*Exe.*
K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just:

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And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphry died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

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Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.[3]

Within. An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat:
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by his Majesty, I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. Oh, Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk;

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable!—
If, after three days, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but* SUFFOLK, *and the Queen.*

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

---

(3) Sort—is a company. JOHNS.

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Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[4]
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in my earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, like one distract:
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul horrors in dark-seated hell——
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?[5]
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.

(4) The fabulous accounts of the plant called a Mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNS.

(5) This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNS.

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Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
[*Kissing his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee![6]
—So—get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
—I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
—Go, speak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
—Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes, he talks as if duke Humphry's ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king,
[*Exit* VAUX.

[6] That by the impreſſion of my kiſs for ever remaining on thy hand thou mighteſt think on thoſe lips through which a thouſand ſighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNS.

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—Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[7]
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
—Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
—Oh, let me stay, befal what will befal.
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.[8]
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*

(7) She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes. JOHNS.

(8) Iris was the messenger of Juno. JOHNS.

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SCENE III.

The Cardinal's bed-chamber. Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK, *to the Cardinal in bed.*

K.Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K.Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
—Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.
—Alive again? then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
—He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
—Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K.Henry. O thou Eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K.Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
—Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope——
He dies, and makes no sign!—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K.Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.[7]
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.[8] [*Exeunt.*

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[7] "Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,
Aut fumus, aut fuimus, vel poſſumus eſſe quod hic eſt." JOHNS.

[8] This is one of the ſcenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice ſhall ceaſe, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. Theſe are beauties that riſe out of nature and of truth; the ſuperficial reader cannot miſs them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNS.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Coast of Kent. Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, WHITMORE, *and other Pirates, with* SUFFOLK *and other Prisoners.*

Captain.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day[2]
Is crept into the bosom of the sea!
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves,[3] and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
—Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
—And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this;
—The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[*Pointing to* SUFFOLK.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes your's.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
—Cut both the villains' throats—for die you shall;
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[*To* SUFFOLK.

(2) The epithet, blabbing, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day. JOHNS.

(3) The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakespeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNS.

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And so should these, if I might have my will.
Capt. Be not so rash ; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman ;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.——
Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die :
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not ;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;
Therefore when, merchant-like, I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward, through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Capt. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jady groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride :[4]
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Capt. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Capt. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[4] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. JOHNS.

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Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?[5]
Ay, kennel—puddle—sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'st at good duke Humphry's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again;
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem!
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revengeful fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[6]

[5] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax,
Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?
He then plays upon the name Poole, kennel, puddle. JOHNS.

[6] Bargulus is to be met with in Tully's Offices; and the legend is the famous Theopompus's History. Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit. Lib. II. cap. 11. WARB.

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Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Capt. Walter——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus; 'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians:
A Roman sworder and Banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* WALTER WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exit Captain, with all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK's *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit* WHITMORE.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

Another part of Kent. Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd from our supposed father——

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[8]

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us,[9] inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

---

[8] That is, a barrel of herrings. JOHNS.

[9] He alludes to his name Cade, from cado, Lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNS.

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Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother was a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. But now, of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack,[1] she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, as king I will be——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people.—There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

[1] A wallet or knapsack of skin, with the hair outward. JOHNS.

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Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. He's a villian!

Smith. He'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;[3] 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where is our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I'll make myself a knight presently. [*kneels.*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher. [*He kneels.*] Rise up, Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

[3] i. e. Of letters missive, and such like public acts. WARB.

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Enter Sir HUMPHRY STAFFORD, *and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staff. Rebelious hinds, the filth and skum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom!—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.—

Y. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;[4]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; did he not?

Staff. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staff. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman, stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I: deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words, that speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

[4] I pay them no regard. JOHNS.

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Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and childrens' sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *with their train.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field. The parties fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain. Re-enter* CADE, *and the rest.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.

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This monument of the victory will I bear ;[5] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Black-Heath. Enter King HENRY *with a supplication, and Queen* MARGARET *with* SUFFOLK's *head; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* SAY.

Q.Mar. Oft have I heard, that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate :
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this ?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast :
But where's the body that I should embrace ?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication ?

K.Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat :
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword ! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q.Mar. Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me ;[6]
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same ?

K.Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K.Henry. How now, madam ?
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death ?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

(5) Here Cade muſt be ſuppoſed to take off Stafford's armour. So Holinſhed. "Jack Cade, upon victory againſt the Staffords, apparelled himſelf in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, ſet full of gilt nails, and ſo in ſome glory returned again toward London." STEEV.

(6) Predominated irreſiſtibly over my paſſions, as the planets over the lives of thoſe that are born under their influence. JOHNS.

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Q.Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K.Henry. How now! what news! why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call, false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K.Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q.Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K.Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-Bridge;
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K.Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q.Mar. [*Aside.*] My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K.Henry. Farewel, my lord; trust not to Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.

London. Enter Lord SCALES, *and others, on the walls of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor like to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord-mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewel, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cannon-Street. Enter JACK CADE, *and the rest. He strikes his staff on London-Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but, first, go and set London-Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Smithfield. Alarm. Enter JACK CADE *with his company. They fight with the King's forces, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

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Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law: for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou Say,[7] thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the beesom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school: and, whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd;[8] and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun*, and a *verb*; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them

(7) Say was the old word for silk; on this depends the series of degradation, from say to serge, from serge to buckram. JOHNS.

(8) Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNS.

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in prison; and, because, they could not read, thou hast hang'd them :[9] when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak,[1] when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent——

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope, you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,[2]
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof.——

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

[9] That is, They were hanged becaufe they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNS.

[1] This is a reproach truly characterifical. Nothing gives fo much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the fight of fuperfluities merely oftentatious. JOHNS.

[2] I am inclined to think, Kent flipped into this paffage by chance, and would read,

When have I aught exacted at your hand,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you? JOHNS.

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George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak:
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently: and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How will it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free

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as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one, with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for, with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark. Alarm, and retreat. Enter again CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!——

[*A parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here be they that dare, and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London' gates, that you should leave me at the White-Hart, in Southwark?

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I thought you would never have given out these arms, till you had recover'd your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast;
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despight of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. [*Exe. some.*
—Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IX.

Kenelworth-Castle. Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terras.*

K.Henry. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to his majesty!

K.Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter below, multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K.Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K.Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms, to second him.—

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I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms ;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

A garden in Kent. Enter JACK CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me ; but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good : for, many a time, but for a sallet,[3] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

Iden. Lord ! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining ;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;

[3] A fallet, by corruption from cælata, a helmet (says Skinner) quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt. POPE.

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Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,[4]
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd into hobnails. [*Here they fight.* O, I am slain; famine, and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

[4] For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword. JOHNS.

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Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewel; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge![5]
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.[6]
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the fields near St. Alban's. Enter YORK, *attended, with drum and colours.*

York, at a distance from his followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Sanctæ majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.

[5] That is, in suppoſing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNS.

[6] Not to dwell upon the wickedneſs of this horrid wiſh, with which Iden debaſes his character, this whole ſpeech is wild and confuſed. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is ſomewhat difficult; nor can I diſcover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. Theſe I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNS.

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A scepter shall it have, have I a soul ;[7]
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
The king hath sent him, sure ! I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court ?
York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great. } *Aside.*
Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms ;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
I am far better born than is the king ;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts ;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.
O Buckingham ! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand,
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
—Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
—And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

[7] I read,—A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.
York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter ; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that if he has a sword he will have a scepter. JOHNS.

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Command my eldest son—nay, all my sons—
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King HENRY, *and Attendants.*

K.Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K.Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Whom, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'*s head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K.Henry. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!
—O, let me view his visage being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K.Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name:
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K.Hen. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K.Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q.Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

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York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
—Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

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Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake:
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K.Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q.Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will ye not, sons?

E.Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R.Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[8]
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R.Plant. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K.Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
—Old Salisbury—shame to thy silver hair,

(8) The Nevils earls of Warwick had a Bear and ragged Staff for their cognizance; but the Talbots, who were formerly earls of Salisbury, had a Lion; and the prefent earl of Talbot, a defcendant of that family, has the fame. HAWKINS.

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Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K.Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K.Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q.Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K.Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You had best go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,[9]
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,

[9] Burgonet—helmet. JOHNS.

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That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm),
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy be
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices,
R. Plant. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
R. Plant. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at St. Alban's. *Enter* WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying men's cries do fill the empty air.
Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms,

Enter YORK.

—How now, my lord? what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come,
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit* WAR.
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

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But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay![1] Address thee instantly.
[*Fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls.*
Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath not self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together![2]
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity;
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

[1] A dreadful wager, a tremendous stake. JOHNS.
[2] Premised, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames, reserved for the last day, be sent now. WARB.

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Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders :
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, SOMERSET, *to fight.*

R.Plan. So, lie thou there ;— [SOMERSET *is killed.*
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in St.Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[4]
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still ;
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others.*

Q.Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow : for shame, away !
K.Henry. Can we out-run the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.
Q.Mar. What are you made of ? you'll not fight, nor fly.
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way : and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarm far off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes : but if we haply 'scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get ; where you are lov'd ;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;
But fly you must : incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief ! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away ! [*Exeunt.*

(4) The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdan the witch, concerning this duke :
" Let him shun Castles :
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where Castles, mounted, stand."
i. e. the representation of a castle, mounted for a sign. THEOBALD.

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SCENE III.

Warwick's Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of time;[6]
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[7]
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befal! [*Exeunt.*

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(6) Read,—bruise of time. WARB.
(7) I read,—the blow of youth; the blossom, the spring. JOHNS.

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THE THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE

DUKE OF YORK.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE *Third Part of King Henry VI.*—The action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at St. Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
EDWARD, *son the king, and Prince of Wales.*
Duke of SOMERSET,
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
Earl of OXFORD,
Earl of EXETER,
Earl of WESTMORLAND,
Lord CLIFFORD,
} *lords of king Henry's side.*
Earl of RICHMOND, *a youth afterwards K. Henry VII.*
RICHARD, *duke of York.*
EDWARD, *eldest son to the duke of York, afterwards king Edward IV.*
GEORGE, *duke of Clarence, second son to the D. of York.*
RICHARD, *duke of Gloucester, third son to the duke of York, afterwards king Richard III.*
EDMUND, *earl of Rutland, youngest son to the D. of York.*
Duke of NORFOLK,
Marquis of MONTAGUE,
Earl of WARWICK,
Earl of SALISBURY,
Earl of PEMBROKE,
Lord HASTINGS,
Lord STAFFORD,
} *of the D. of York's party.*
Sir JOHN MORTIMER,
Sir HUGH MORTIMER,
} *uncles to the duke of York.*
Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, *afterwards the earl of Derby.*
Lord RIVERS, *brother to the lady Grey.*
Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York. SOMERVILLE.
HUMPHRY *and* SINKLO, *two huntsmen.*
LEWIS, *king of France.*
BOURBON, *admiral of France.*

Queen MARGARET. BONA, *sister to the French king.*
Lady GREY, *widow of Sir John Grey, afterwards queen to Edward IV.*

Soldiers and other Attendants on king Henry and king Edward.

In part of the third act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play in England.

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THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-House. Alarm. Enter Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with white roses in their hats.*

Warwick.

I WONDER, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Shewing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* WARWICK, *shewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET*'s head.*

York. Richard has best deserv'd of all my sons.—
Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

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This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither have we broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.——Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
[*They go up.*
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.(1)
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare;—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats him.*

Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND, EXETER, *and others, at the further end of the stage.*

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
—Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
—And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

(1) The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to 'daze' the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmorland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Henry. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd; I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and, with colours spread,
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

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Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K.Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,[2]
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France; sith thou hast lost it all.
K.Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose:——
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K.Henry. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K.Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K.Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K.Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

(2) The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade. JOH.

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York. What then?

K. Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despight of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father.

K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

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Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour 'bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTH. CLIF. *and* WEST.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.[3]
K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Henry. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
Neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes.
[*Here the Lords come forward.*
York. Farewel, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, *and* MONTAGUE.
K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

(3) They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion. JOHNS.

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I'll steal away.
K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I, [*Going.*
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son,—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee! art thou a king and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?[4]
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm!
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

[4] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. JOHNS.

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Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus I do leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we must not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown,[4] and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:[5]
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

---

(4) Read—coast, i. e. hover over it. WARB.
We may maintain the integrity of the figure, by inserting the word soote—that is, to come up with, to overtake. STEEV.
To tire, is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French, tirer. JOHNS.

(5) That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left Edward's party. JOHNS.

(6) It should be—dear and brothers; my sons, and brothers to each other. JOHNS.

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What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.[8]
York. About what?
Rich. About that, which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now, you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,[9]
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms; and, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

(8) Sweet contention, i. e. the argument of their diſpute was upon a grateful topic; the queſtion of their father's immediate right to the crown. THEO.

(9) The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very deſpicable ſophiſtry. A lawful magiſtrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magiſtrate. The plea againſt the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an uſurper, taken from the unlawfulneſs of the oath itſelf in the foregoing play, was rational and juſt. JOHNS.

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Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?——

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle;
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.[1]

York. Ay,—with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?
—Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
—My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not;
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN MORTIMER *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarm.* *Exeunt.*

(1) I know not whether the author intended any moral inſtruction, but he that reads this has a ſtriking admonition againſt that precipitancy by which men often uſe unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honeſtly in their power. Had York ſtaid but a few moments he had ſaved his cauſe from the ſtain of perjury. JOHNS.

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SCENE III.

A field of battle, betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield. Enter RUTLAND, *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, dragged off.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is't fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:[2]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
—Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O let me pray before I take my death:—

(2) That is, the lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNS.

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To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father, therefore die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ.[3] [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter RICHARD *Duke of York.*

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons!—God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cry'd, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, *Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cry'd, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan

(3) This line is in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. STEEV.

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With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarm within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.*

—Come, bloody Clifford—rough Northumberland—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, like the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not! what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought, o'er-run my former time,
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do dot honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

(A) Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHNS.

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When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That raught[5] at mountains with out-stretched arm,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin[6] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this, to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York:—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*

(5) i. e. That reach'd. The ancient preterite and participle passive of reach. STEEV.

(6) A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNS.

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Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And, this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown his head.
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen:
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;[7]
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,

(7) Government, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNS.

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Or as the south to the septentrion.
Oh, tygress' heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face!
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible:
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
—Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabs him.*

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York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*
Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates!
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales. A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and their power.*

Edward.
I WONDER, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news:
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
—How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun![8]
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

[8] Aurora takes for a time her farewel of the sun, when he dismisses him to his diurnal course. JOHNS.

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See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[9]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

—But who art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.[1]
Mes. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York

[9] Illustrious and shining by the armorial enfigns granted us as Meeds of our great exploits. Meed likewife is merit. It might be plaufibly read, ...blazing by our deeds. JOHNS.

[1] The generous tenderneſs of Edward, and ſavage fortitude of Richard, are well diſtinguiſhed by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNS.

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They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
—Oh Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief;
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll 'venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter* WARWICK, *Marquis of* MONTAGUE, *and their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain!
Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.[2]

[2] Done to death, or killed, was a common expreſſion long before Shakeſpeare's time. GRAY.

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War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make; we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

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Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Maries with our beads?
Or shall we, on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say, Ay; and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon the foe!
But never once again turn back, and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
That cries, Retire, when Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

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War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal king:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and St. George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts;[3] brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

York. Enter King HENRY, *the Queen,* CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Prince of Wales, with drums and trumpets.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

(3) Why then things are as they should be. JOHNS.

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The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence;
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault?
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame was this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?[4]
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

(4) Alluding to a common proverb. JOHNS.

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—Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle,[5] for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore, I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *St. George!*

March. *Enter* EDWARD, WARWICK, RICHARD, CLARENCE, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head!
Or 'bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent.
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You,—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

(5) That is, Range your host, put your host in order. JOHNS.

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Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Queen. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,[6]
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,[7]

(6) It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNS.
(7) "A stigmatic," says J. Bullokar in his English Expositor, 1616, "is a

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Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea),
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[8]
Edw. A whisp of straw[9] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.[1]
—Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Cla. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,[2]
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge has something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

---

a notorious lewd fellow, which hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment." STEEV.

(8) To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou rallest at my deformity. JOHNS.

(9) I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her. JOHNS.

I believe that a whisp signified some instrument of correction used in the time of Shakespeare. STEEV.

(1) Callat, a lewd woman, a drab; perhaps so called from the French catote, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. Dr. GRAY.

(2) When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determined to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNS.

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We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Queen. Stay, Edward——
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire. Alarm. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter CLARENCE.

Cla. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why has thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood,

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The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foes doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune give me measure of revenge!
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul with thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw mine hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching Thee, if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
—Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:——
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewel.
Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field. Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,

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And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland:
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.
[*They fight*, WARWICK *enters*, CLIFFORD *flies*.
Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. Alarm. Enter King HENRY.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light:
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire, by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails: and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered.
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;[3]
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

[3] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNS.

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To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarm. Enter a Son that had killed his Father.[4]

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed of some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both myself and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.——
Who's this ? Oh God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting such events !

[4] These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNS.

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From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have, by my hands, of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[5]

Enter a Father bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.—
O pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,[6]
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Woe above woe! grief, more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!——
The red rose and the white, are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

[5] The meaning is here inaccurately expreſſed. The king intends to ſay that the ſtate of their hearts and eyes ſhall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war, all ſhall be deſtroyed by power formed within themſelves JOHNS.

[6] I think the meaning of the line—And hath bereft thee of thy life too ſoon—to be this: Thy father expoſed thee to danger by giving thee life too ſoon, and hath bereft thee of life, by living himſelf too long. JOHNS.

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The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?
Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?
K. Henry. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd!
Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?
K. Henry. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times as much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit.*
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing heart shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,[7]
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.[8]
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarms. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull;
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Queen. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs: and therefore hence amain.

(7) Obsequious is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNS.
(8) I, having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNS.

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Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.
K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
[*Falling.*
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemy?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies:
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.
[*He faints.*

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Alarm and retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, WARWICK, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that, which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.[9]

[9] Sour words; words of asperity. JOHNS.

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Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's captain Margaret, to fence thee now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together?
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
—Richard, I will create thee duke of Glo'ster;
—And, George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Glo'ster;
For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Glo'ster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancashire. Enter SINKLO *and* HUMPHRY, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

Sinklo.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;[1]
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:[2]
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer that's worth a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France
for aid;

(1) Laund means almoft the ſame as lawn; a plain extended between woods. STEEV.

(2) This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakeſpeare. So again in this ſcene, ...I was anointed king.
It is common in theſe plays to find the ſame images, whether jocular or ſerious, frequently recurring. JOHNS.

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And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,
The tyger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears,
Ay, but she comes to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says, her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says, his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.[3]

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a king, crown'd with content,
Your crown *Content*, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

(3) The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEV.

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And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

Hum. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No: we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform:
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The Palace. Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

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Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life.
Glou. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glou. Yea! is it so? [*Aside.*
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Cla. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind. [*Aside.*
Glou. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.[4]
Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glou. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow! then I warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Cla. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glou. [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Cla. [*Aside.*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glou. [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glou. [*Asi.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Ed. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glou. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.
[GLO'STER *and* CLARENCE *retire to the other side.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Ed. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

(4) This is a very lively and a very sprightly dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakespeare. JOHNS.

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Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K.Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K.Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K.Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K.Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glou. He plies her hard! and much rain wears the marble.
Cla. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K.Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K.Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glou. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K.Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K.Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K.Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K.Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K.Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K.Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower:
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K.Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with *ay*, or *no*.
K.Edw. *Ay*; if thou wilt say *Ay* to my request:
No; if thou dost say *No*, to my demand.
Grey. Then, *No*, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glou. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

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Cla. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K.Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?—
Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K.Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends:
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K.Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.
K.Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glou. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K.Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K.Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.
Cla. To whom, my lord?
K.Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glou. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Cla. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K.Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gates.
K.Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

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And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along;——Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt King, Lady,* CLARENCE, *and Lords.*
Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish, the crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd whelp,[5]

(5) It was an opinion, which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks

That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than myself,[6]
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
Until the mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.[7]
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that moment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,

---

into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. JOHNS.

(6) Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority these advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNS.

(7) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled, &c. A transposition seems to be necessary;
1 2 3 5 7 3 4 6
"Until the head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears."
Otherwise, the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself. STEEV.

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And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, Lady* BONA, BOURBON, EDWARD *Prince of Wales, Queen* MARGARET, *and the Earl of* OXFORD. LEWIS *sits, and riseth up again.*

K. Lewis. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground:
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thou by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

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With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K.Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K.Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK.

K.Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K.Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindness, and unfeigned love—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[*Speaking to* BONA.
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis—and lady Bona—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:

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For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But to the rest—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore-and-two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty-and-six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and, more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchafe, at our request, to stand aside
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

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Queen. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*

K.Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and my honour.

K.Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K.Lew. Then further—all disembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy,[8] but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K.Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
[*Speaking to* WARWICK.
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear have tempted judgment to desire.

K.Lew. Then, Warwick, this—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K.Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret;

(8) Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why envy is mentioned here, or whose envy can be meant; but the meaning is, that his love is superior to envy, and can feel no blast from the lady's disdain. Or, that if Bona refuse to quit or requite his pain, his love may turn to disdain, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of envy. JOHNS.

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But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be released
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen—
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.[9]

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace!
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,[1] and thy lord's false love;
[*Post blowing a horn, within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K.Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you:
[*To* WARWICK.
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
—These from our king unto your majesty. [*To K.*LEW.
—And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope, all's for the best.

K.Lew. Warwick, what are thy news?—and your's, fair queen?

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K.Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

(9) This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach. JOHNS.

(1) Conveyance is juggling, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. ib.

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Queen. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?[2]
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton love than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with your's.
K. Lew. And mine with her's, and thine and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd

(2) Whom, according to Hollinshed, king Edward attempted in the earl of Warwick's house. STEEV.

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You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post:
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.[8]

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:
—Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt. Manent* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

[8] That is, Fright thy king. JOHNS.

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Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again.
Not that I pity Henry's misery.
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England. Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Gloucester.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *Lady* GREY *as queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS. *Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Cla. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K.Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Cla. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K.Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K.Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too.

Glou. Not I:
No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

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Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K.Edw. Setting your scorn, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Cla. Then this is my opinion—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K.Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commenwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,[4]
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Cla. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K.Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glou. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Cla. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,[5]

[4] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNS.

[5] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNS.

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And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K.Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Cla. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf:
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K.Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brothers' wills.
Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K.Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glou. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K.Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news
From France?
Post. My sovereign liege, no letters: and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K.Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis to our letters?
Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K.Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

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Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Post. Tell him, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter. [*Exit.*
Cla. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
—Now, brother king, farewel, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter:
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glou. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be, landed;
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

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Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K.Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou. Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.

K.Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

In Warwickshire. Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French Soldiers.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
—And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love:
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

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So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry, Henry!*
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

EDWARD's *Camp.* *Enter Watchmen to guard his tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, has set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Wat.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and French Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

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[WARWICK *and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arms! Arms!* WARWICK *and the rest following them.*

The drums beating, and trumpets sounding.

Enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOUCESTER *and* HASTINGS *flying over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fled there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here is the duke.

K.Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.[7]
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Now how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K.Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.
—Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy 'complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed: thou but the shadow.
—My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis, and lady Bona, sent to him:
—Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of York.

(7) Might we read with a slight alteration?
And come to new create you duke of York. JOHNS.

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K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated on the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The palace. Enter RIVERS *and the Queen.*

Riv. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this, I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith,)

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I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire. Enter GLOUCESTER, *Lord* HASTINGS, *and Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glou. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty:
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.
—Now, brother of Glo'ster, Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready by at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

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Glou. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.
K.Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Tower in London. Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *Young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

K.Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns.
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
—But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace has still been fam'd for virtuous:
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[8]
Yet in this one thing, let me blame your grace,

(8) I suppose the meaning is, few men conform their temper to their destiny, as king Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of public affairs to more prosperous hands. JOHNS.

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For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
Cla. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and, with your hands your hearts;
That no dissention hinder government
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Cla. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content;
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.
Cla. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed!
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Cla. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty:
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

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His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne,
—Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.[9]

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavory news: But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Glo'ster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent SOMERSET, RICHMOND, *and* OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart misgive me in these conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

York. Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

(9) He was afterwards Henry VII. A man who put an end to the civil war of the two houſes, but not otherwiſe remarkable for virtue. Shakeſpeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNS.

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And says, than once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.

K.Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves:
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K.Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K.Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glou. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*He descends.*

Glou. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him:[1] but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K.Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

(1) The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. JOHNS.

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But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, *with drum and soldiers.*

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K.Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Montg. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K.Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
—Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins a march.*
K.Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What, talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king.
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K.Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Flourish.*

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Sold. [reads.] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K.Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks to you all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.
—Ah, froward Clarence!—evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother.
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
—Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

London. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London:
And many giddy people flock to him.

K.Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.[2]

Cla. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
—Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

(2) This line expreſſes a ſpirit of war ſo unſuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the firſt cold ſpeech to the king, and the briſk anſwer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry ſaid nothing, the firſt ſpeech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNS.
Every judicious reader muſt concur in this opinion. STEEV.

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Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
—And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
—My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
—Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
—Farewel, my sovereign.

K.Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Cla. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K.Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort my lord:—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'*s hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K.Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ~~sweet lords~~; ~~let's meet at~~ Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *and* SOMERSET.

K.Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
—Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K.Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!* (5)

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! What shouts are these?

(5) Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNS.

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Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and Soldiers.*

K.Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.
—You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.——
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.
—And, lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares;
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry. Enter WARWICK, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.*

Warwick.

WHERE is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
—How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
—Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

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March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and Soldiers.*

K.Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parley.
Glou. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how were they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K.Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward, king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up, and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick, patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said, the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K.Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K.Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this.—
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But, while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![6]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
K.Edw. 'Tis even so; yet are you Warwick still.
Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K.Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

[6] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from chefs-playing. A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards, and a pair of cards. A pack of cards, as I am informed, is still called a deck of cards in Ireland. STEEV.

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This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!
Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaster!
Glou. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset! Somerset! for Lancaster!
Glou. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
[*A parley is sounded;* RICHARD *and* CLARENCE *whisper together; and then* CLARENCE *takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at* WARWICK.
Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,[7]
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harh, so blunt,[8] unnatural,

[7] That is, to cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNS.
[8] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. JOHNS.

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To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath.
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jepthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother, turn my blushing cheeks.
—Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
—And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K.Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K.Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K.Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
—Lords, to the field; St. George and victory! [*Exe.*

[*March.* WARWICK *and his company follow.*

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet. Alarm and Excursions. Enter EDWARD, *bringing forth* WARWICK *wounded.*

K.Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.[1]
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

[1] Bug is a bugbear, a terrific being. JOHNS.

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My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
Those eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to princely sepulchres:
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,[2]
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewel, Warwick!

[2] Cedes coempti saltibus, et domo, villaque Hor.
This mention of his parks and manors diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNS.

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War. Sweetly rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewel, to meet in heaven! [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*They bear away his body, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *in triumph; with* GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest.*

K.Edw. Thus far our fortune bears an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Cla. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glou. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K.Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—courage! and away. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Tewksbury. March. Enter the Queen, Prince of WALES, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

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And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd:
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say, No,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off;
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit,
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!

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Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame
—Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee! Long mayst thou live,
To bear his image and renew his glories

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King EDWARD, GLO'STER, CLARENCE, *and Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.*

K. Ed. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Que. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house; his subjects slain;
His statutes cancell'd; and his treasure spent:
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both parties go out.*

Re-enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *&c. The Queen,* OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Lo! here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

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—Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXF. *and* SOM. *guarded.*
Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy, in sweet Jerusalem.
K.Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?
Glou. It is ; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.
Enter Soldiers with the Prince.
K.Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
—What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair ; and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Queen. Ah ! that thy father had been so resolv'd !
Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night,[3]
His churlish riddles sort not with this place.
Glou. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prin. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K.Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty ; you are all undutiful :
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
Glou. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.[4]
[*Stabs him.*
K.Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[EDW. *stabs him.*
Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLA. *stabs him.*

(3) The prince calls Richard for his crookedneſs Æſop ; and the poet following nature, makes Richard highly incenſed at the reproach. JOHNS.
(4) Thou that reſembleſt thy railing mother. JOHNS.

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Queen. Oh, kill me too!
Glou. Marry and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K.Ed. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K.Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.
Cla. What? what?
Glou. The Tower, man, the Tower! I'll root 'em out. [*Exit.*
Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors; murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this (in respect) a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
—Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.(5)
K.Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by force.
Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Cla. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, kill me too.
Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

(5) The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. JOHNS.

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Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K.Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Queen. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince ! [*Exit.*
K.Edw. Where's Richard gone ?
Cla. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K.Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence ; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares ;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Tower of London. Enter King HENRY *with a book, and* GLO'STER *with the Lieutenant, on the Tower walls.*

Glou. Good day, my lord ! What, at your book so hard ?
K.Henry. Ay, my good lord : my lord, I should say rather ;
'Tis sin to flatter, *good* was little better :
Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.
Glou. Sir, leave us to ourselves : we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*
K.Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?
Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K.Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush :
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl ?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K.Henry. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course ;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.

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Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ear that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glou. Thinkest thou, I am an executioner?
K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.
Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;(7)
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.—
Glou. I'll hear no more.—Die, prophet, in thy speech.
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death:
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfal of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

(7) Who suspect no part of what my fears presage, JOHNS.

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Down, down to hell; and say, I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signify'd,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word, *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz about such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.——
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Palace in London. Enter King EDWARD, *Queen*, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *Nurse with the Young Prince, and Attendants.*

K.Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

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With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
—Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
[*Taking the Child.*
—Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armour watch'd the winter-night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst re-possess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Asi.*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid:
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.
Work thou the way; and that shall execute.[1]

K. Edw. Clarence and Glo'ster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Que. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:——
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant, all harm. } *Asi.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Cla. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?——
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exe. omnes.*

---

(1) I believe we should read,—and this shall execute. Richard laying his hand on his forehead says,
Work thou the way.....
Then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,
.....and this shall execute.
Though 'that' may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder. JOHNS.

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THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE *Life and Death of King Richard III.*—This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time: for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth-field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485.

THEOBALD.

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

JOHNSON.

The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597; but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Arioste*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris, the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. He most probably means Shakespeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more ancient edition of this play than what I have mentioned: at least this shows how early Shakespeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's.

WARTON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King EDWARD *IV.*
EDWARD, *prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.* } *sons to Edward IV.*
RICHARD, *duke of York,* }
GEORGE, *duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.*
RICHARD, *duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward IV. afterwards king Richard III.*
Cardinal, archbishop of York.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of NORFOLK. *Earl of* SURREY.
Earl RIVERS, *brother to the Queen.*
Marquis of DORSET, } *sons to queen Elizabeth.*
Lord GREY, }
Earl of RICHMOND, *afterwards king Henry VII.*
Bishop of Ely.
Lord HASTINGS.
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.
Lord LOVEL.
CATESBY.
Sir JAMES TYRREL.
THOMAS *Lord* STANLEY.
Earl of OXFORD.
BLOUNT.
HERBERT.
Sir WILL. BRANDON.
BRAKENBURY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
Two children of the duke of Clarence.
Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.*
Lord Mayor.

ELIZABETH, *queen of Edward IV.*
Queen MARGARET, *widow of Henry VI.*
ANNE, *widow of Edward prince of Wales, son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the duke of Gloucester.*
Duchess of YORK, *mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.*

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., with Soldiers, and other Attendants.

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KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A street. Enter RICHARD *duke of Gloucester solus.*

Gloucester.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York ;[1]
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,[2]
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by disembling nature,[3]
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—

[1] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a fun, in memory of the three funs, which are faid to have appeared at the battle which he gain over the Lancaftrians at Mortimer's Crofs. STEEV.

[2] Barbed fteeds—fteeds adorned with military trappings. Haywarde, in his life and Raigne of Henry IV. 1599, fays, "The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courfer, barbed with blew and green velvet," &c. STEEV.

[3] Diffembling is here put very licentioufly for fraudful, deceitful. JOHN.

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Why, I in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.[4]
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,[5]
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,[6]
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophesy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.—
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

—Brother, good day; what means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Cla. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of your's;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:——
O, belike his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Cla. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams;
And from the cross row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be:
And, for my name of George begins wtth G,

(4) Shakespeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with those of others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNS.

(5) Preparations for mischief. The induction is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNS.

(6) If Edward keep his word. JOHNS.

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It follows in his thought that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,[7]
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glou. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
Cla. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge between the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,[8]
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.
Glou. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man:—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glou. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,

[7] Fancies—freaks of imagination. JOHNS.
[8] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNS.

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Were best to do it secretly alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glou. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Cla. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.[9]
Brother, farewel: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow, sister,[1]
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Mean time, have patience.
Cla. I must perforce; farewel.
[*Exeunt* BRAKENBURY *and* CLARENCE.
Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

---

[9] That is, not the queen's subjects, whom she might protect, but her abjects, whom she drives away. JOHNS.

[1] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, "were it to call king Edward's wife, sister." I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expense of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of king Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, "widow" into the place of "wife," he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king. JOHNS.

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Glou. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father:
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father;
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
—But yet I run before my horse to market;
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another street. Enter the Corse of HENRY *the Sixth, with halberds to guard it; Lady* ANNE *being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament[2]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

(2) Obsequious, in this instance, means funereal. STEEV.

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Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!
—Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse.

Enter RICHARD.

Glou. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not: for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
—Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

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Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.[3]
—Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh![4]
—Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.——
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven, with lightning, strike the murtherer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,[5]
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

[3] Pattern is inftance, example. JOHNS.
[4] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was fo much believed by fir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reafon. JOHNS.
[5] I believe, diffufed, in this place, fignifies irregular, uncouth; fuch is its meaning in other paffages of Shakefpeare. JOHNS.

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Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then, he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Ann. In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.[6]
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.——
Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glou. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest
Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glou. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

(6) The crime of my brothers. He has juft charged the murder of lady Anne's huſband upon Edward. JOHNS.

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Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glou. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,——
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

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That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip to scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp pointed sword;
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry:—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.[7]
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward:—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with thy word,
This hand, which, for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope.

(7) Shakespeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNS.

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Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring. [*She puts on the ring.*
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glou. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour, at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.
Anne. What is it?
Glou. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-Place:[8]
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,——
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
—Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glou. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewel already.[9]
[*Exeunt two, with* ANNE.
Glou. Take up the corse, sirs.
Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glou. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming,
[*Exeunt with the corse.*
—Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

[8] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloucester. JOHNS.

[9] Cibber, who altered Rich. III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scence, that he thought himself obliged to make Treffel say.

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history. STEEV.

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And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks.
And yet to win her,——all the world to nothing.
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,[1]
Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.——
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Palace. Enter the Queen, Lord RIVERS *her brother, and Lord* GREY *her son.*

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

(1) i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARB.

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Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Queen. Ah, he is young: and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Glo'ster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Queen. The countess of Richmond, good my lord of Stanley.
To your good prayer will scarcely say, Amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Glo'ster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;——
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,

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That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person——
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Glo'ster, you mistake the matter;
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself;
Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey, where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo'ster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you;
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

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Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for——
Glou. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may—ay, marry, may she—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glou. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Queen. My lord of Glo'ster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition——
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET *behind.*

Q.Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower,
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.[2]
Q.Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glou. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q.Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glou. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

(2) My labours; my toils. JOHNS.

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And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q.Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself—which Jesu pardon!—

Q.Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown:
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft, and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q.Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q.Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*She advances.*
—Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:[3]
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
—Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away![4]

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q.Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

(3) This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions. WARB.

(4) The meaning of 'gentle' is not tender, or courteous, but high-born. An oppofition is meant between that and 'villain,' which means at once a wicked and a low-born wretch. JOHNS.

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Q.Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me—
And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is your's;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.
Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q.Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,[5]
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

(5) Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNS.

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—Rivers—and Dorset—you were standers by—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q.Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elfish-mark'd abortive, rooting hog![6]
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature,[7] and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——

Glou. Margaret!

Q.Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha?

Q.Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q.Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glou. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q.Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

(6) She calls him hog, as an appellation more contemptuous than boar, as he is elsewhere termed from his enfigns armorial. JOHNS.

(7) The expreſſion is ſtrong and noble, and alludes to the ancient cuſtom of maſters' branding their profligate ſlaves: by which is inſinuated that his miſshapen perſon was the mark that nature had ſet upon him to ſtigmatize his ill conditions. WARB.

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Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,[8]
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q.Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q.Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glou. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.
Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glou. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q.Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q.Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage.
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q.Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,

[8] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. JOHNS.

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In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q.Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him !
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glou. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q.Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.
—Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to God's ! [*Exit.*
Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine ; I wonder she's at liberty.
Glou. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Dors. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Glou. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains ;[9]—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.[1]
Glou. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;

(9) A frank is an old Engliſh word for hog-ſty. 'Tis poſſible he uſes this metaphor to Clarence, in alluſion to the creſt of the family of York, which was a boar. Whereto relate thoſe famous old verſes on Richard III.

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog

He uſes the ſame metaphor in the laſt ſcene of act iv. POPE.

(1) Scathe—is harm, miſchief. STEEV.

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For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
—And for your grace—and you, my noble lords.

Queen. Catesby, we come:—lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER.

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I indeed have laid in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when I most play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Mur.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Mur.* Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Mur.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.

An apartment in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,[2]
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glo'ster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-boards
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death, within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,[3]
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

[2] Not an infidel. JOHNS.
[3] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to ogle it. JOHNS.

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Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence[4]—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!

[CLARENCE *sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,

[4] Fleeting is the same as changing sides. JOHNS.

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And outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:[5]
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Vil.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—Shew him our commission, talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Vil.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No! he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this compassionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

[5] They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. JOHNS.

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1 *Vil.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* In the duke of Glo'ster's purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation.[6] Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft! he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.[7]

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

(6) The meaning of tall, in old English, is stout, daring, fearless, and strong. (7) We'll talk. JOHNS.

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1 *Vil.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. Ye scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us, you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,[8]
To slay the innocent? What's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest[9] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart; and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed: for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

[8] I think it may be better read——Are ye cull'd forth—— JOHNS.
[9] Queft—is inqueft or jury. JOHNS.

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When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 Vil. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant, springing, brave Plantagenet,[1]
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?[2]
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 Vil. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again
And I will send you to my brother Glo'ster;
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ster hates you.
Clar. Oh no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father Yo
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship;
Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.
1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 Vil. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sent us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

(1) Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the spring of life. JOHNS.
(2) Novice—youth; one yet new to the world. JOHNS.

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2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress——

1 *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately perform'd!
How fain like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court. Enter King EDWARD *sick, the Queen,* DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edward.

WHY, so;—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
—Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,
Nor your son Dorset—Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
—Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dors. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

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Upon your grace, but with all duteous love [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you, or yours.
[*Embracing* RIVERS, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
—And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign leige.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity:
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
—First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
—Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
—Of you, lord Rivers—and, lord Grey, of you—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
—Of you, lord Woodville—and, lord Scales, of you;
—Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that it born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter:

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I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.
—My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?
Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dors. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
Glou. But he, poor man, by your first order, died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried;
God grant that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer, in bloody thought, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st?
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;[3]
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?[4]
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

(3) He means the remission of the forfeit. JOHNS.
(4) This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNS.

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When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king ?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,
All thin and naked to the numb-cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—
But for my brother, not a man would speak—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life ;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
—O God ! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
—Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,
Poor Clarence ! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*

Glou. These are the fruits of rashness !—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O ! they did urge it still unto the king :
God will revenge it. Come, lords ; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company ?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter the Duchess of YORK, *with the two Children of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your breast ?
And cry, *O Clarence, my unhappy son ?*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

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Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Glo'ster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter the Queen, distractedly; RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Queen. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king is dead:
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-wing'd souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,

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As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images :[5]
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow : yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee ;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?

Son. Ah, aunt ! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for our father's death ;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept !

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,[6]
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward ? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they ? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.
Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs :
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I :
I for an Edward weep, so do not they :

---

(5) The children by whom he was represented. JOHNS.

(6) That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNS.

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Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dors. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son; send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *and* RATCLIFF.

Glou. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
—Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see you:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow[7] the young prince be fetch'd

(7) Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his houſehold at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's ſide. The intention of his being ſent thither was to ſee juſtice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his preſence, to reſtrain the Welſhmen, who were wild, diſſolute, and ill-diſpoſed, from their accuſtomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinſhed, &c. THEO.

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Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself.
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since, it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam—and you my mother—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business? [*Exeunt.*

Manent BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOUCESTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journies to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street near the court. Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good-morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

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1 *Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good-morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no: by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Glo'ster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haughty and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

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3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger: as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the palace. Enter Archbishop of YORK, *the young Duke of* YORK, *the Queen, and the Duchess of* YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony Stratford they do rest to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,[8]
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,[9]
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

(8) Wretched—is here uſed in a ſenſe yet retained in familiar language, for paltry, pitiful, being below expectation. JOHNS.

(9) To be remember'd—is in Shakeſpeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNS.

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York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A per'lous boy;—Go to, you are too shrewd.
Duch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?
Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Queen. How doth the prince?
Mes. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and, with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty dukes, Glo'ster and Buckingham.
Queen. For what offence?
Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Queen. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny now begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:[1]
Welcome destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

(1) Not producing awe, not reverenced. To jut upon, is to encroach. JOHNS.

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Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewel.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London. The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, *the Dukes of* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *Archbishop, and others.*

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[2]

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends.

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

(2) London was anciently called camera regis. POPE.

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Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince,
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of her's?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:[3]
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,[4]
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:

(3) Ceremonious—for superstitious; traditional—for adherent to old customs. WARB.

(4) That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNS.

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This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it:
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Arch. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
—Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Archbishop and* HASTINGS.
—Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glou. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record; or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,[5]
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.[6]
[*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity,[7]
I moralize: two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

(5) Retailed—may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNS.
(6) Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem—a proverbial line. STEEV.
(7) See Note at the end of the play.

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I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham——
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glou. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.[8]
[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and Archbishop.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?
York. Well, my dread lord;[9] so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is your's:
Too late he died,[1] that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince, my brother, hath out-grown me far.
Glou. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.
Glou. He may command me, as my sovereign:
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.
Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glou. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.[2]
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

---

[8] Commonly, in ordinary courſe. JOHNS.

[9] The original of this epithet applied to kings, has been much diſputed. In ſome of our old ſtatutes, the king is called Rex metuendiſſimus. JOHNS.

[1] i. e. too lately, the loſs is too freſh in our memory. WARB.

[2] i. e. I ſhould ſtill eſteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARB.

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Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;
—Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me;
—Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.[3]
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glou. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt Prince*, YORK, HASTINGS, *Archbishop, and Attendants.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a per'lous boy:
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

[3] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke, therefore, in calling himself ape, calls his uncle bear. JOHNS.

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To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley, will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too: and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,[4]
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glou. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give gentle mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby-Place, there you shall find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do;—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

---

[4] That is, a private conſultation, ſeparate from the known and publick council. So, in the next ſcene, Haſtings ſays,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils. JOHNS.

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SCENE II.

Before Lord HASTINGS' *house. Enter a Messenger to the door of* HASTINGS.

Mes. My lord, my lord,——
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks?
Mes. One from lord Stanley.
Hast. What is't o'clock?
Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mes. So it appears by what I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then—
Mes. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself, are at the one;
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:[5]
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good-morrows to my noble lord!

[5] That is, wanting some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any immediate ground or reason. JOHNS.

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Hast. Good-morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord:
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; Who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cates. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

—Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow, Catesby:—

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You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do your's;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.[6]—Wot ye what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that hath accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
—Sirrah, how now, how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*
Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

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[6] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, take something along with you, or, I have something to say to you. JOHNS.

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Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;[8]
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need a priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.[9]

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I shall not stay ;
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Pomfret-Castle. Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, *carrying Lord* RIVERS, *Lord* RICHARD GREY, *and Sir* THOMAS VAUGHAN, *to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buckingham,

[8] Performance of divine service. JOHNS.
[9] shriving work—is confession. JOHNS.

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Then curs'd she Richard :—O, remember, God !
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us !
As for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, Grey—come, Vaughan—let us all embrace :
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Tower. BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *Bishop of* ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *with others, at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation :
In God's name speak, when is the royal day ?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?
Stan. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

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Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,[1] my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part—
I mean, your voice—for crowning of the king.
Glou. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
—My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY.
Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
—Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these same strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit:
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood[2] he shew'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots

[1] This expreſſion is borrowed from the theatre. The cue, queue, or tail of a ſpeech, conſiſts of the laſt words, which are the token for an entrance or anſwer. To come on the cue, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNS.
[2] Semblance; appearance. JOHNS.

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Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—
Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor;—
Off with his head!—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.——
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exit Council, with* RICHARD *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,[3]
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Cates. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,[4]
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

(3) So in the legend of Lord Haſtings, by M. D.
My palfrey, in the plainett paved ſtreet,
Thrice bowed his bones, thrice kneeled on the floor,
Thrice ſhunn'd (as Balaam's aſs) the dreaded Tow'r.
The houſings of a horſe, and ſometimes the horſe himſelf, were anciently called the foot-cloth. STEEV.

(4) So Horace, Neſcius auræ fallacis. JOHNS.

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Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Tower-Walls. Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glou. He is; and see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor!
Glou. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Glou. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glou. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

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That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor,
That ever liv'd.——
Would you imagine, or almost believe
(Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you) that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Glo'ster?

Mayor. What! had he so?

Glou. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels;
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

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Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit Mayor.*

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children;
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them that when my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw—
Go thou to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY *severally.*
—Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI.

A street. Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings:
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while:—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Baynard's Castle. Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *at several doors.*

Glou. How now, how now? What say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for the purpose,

[5] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNS.

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Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bid them, that did love their country's good,
Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glou. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.
Glou. What tongueless blocks were they; would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;[6]
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer *Nay*, and take it.
Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say *nay* to thee for myself;[7]
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

[6] Perhaps, pretend; though intend will ſtand in the ſenſe of giving attention. JOHNS.

[7] Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (ſays Richard) you ſpeak for them as plauſibly as I in my own perſon, or for my own purpoſes, ſhall ſeem to deny your ſuit, there is no doubt but we ſhall bring all to a happy iſſue. STEEV.

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Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens.

—Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

—Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth intreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less important than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,[8]
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say us *nay*!

Buck. I fear, he will: here Catesby comes again:

Re-enter CATESBY.

—Catesby, what says his grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

—When holy and devout religious men

(8) To fatten; to pamper. JOHNS.

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Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER, *above, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.
—Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glou. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault !

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
While, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph (9)

(9) I believe we should read—
And almoft fmoulder'd in the fwallowing gulph.
That is, almoft fmother'd, covered and loft. JOHNS.

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Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
For not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
(And much I need to help you,[1] if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

(1) And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNS.

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On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars—
Which, God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contract to lady Lucy;
Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waining and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
Mayor. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss:
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates—
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,

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Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house,
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
—Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*
Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
—Call them again; I am not made of stone,
[*Exit* CATESBY.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

—Cousin of Buckingham—and sage, grave men—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.
Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!
All. Amen,
Buck. To-morrow, may it please you to be crown'd?
Glou. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.
Glou. [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy work again:
—Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower. Enter the Queen, Duchess of YORK, *and Marquis of* DORSET, *at one door;* ANNE *Duchess of* GLOUCESTER *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's *young daughter, at the other.*

Duchess.

WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
—Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
—Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well.—Dear madam, by your patience
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother;
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;[2]
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAK.

(2) That is, I may not so refign my office, which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNS.

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Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
—Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Duchess of* GLOUCESTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dors. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
—Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
On your behalf to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say, *God save the queen!*

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,

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And that dead saint which I weeping follow'd :
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish ; *Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.[3]
Beside, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dors. Farewel, thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee ! [*Exit* DORSET.

—Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !
[*To* ANNE

—Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee·
[*To the Queen.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.[4]

Queen. Stay yet ; look back with me unto the Tower—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow[5]
For tender princes, use my babies well !
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel.[6]

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(3) 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently diſturbed by terrible dreams : this is therefore no fiction. JOHNS.

(4) Teen—is ſorrow. STEEV.

(5) To call the Tower, nurſe and playfellow, is very harſh : perhaps part of this ſpeech is addreſſed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNS.

(6) Hither the third act ſhould be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pauſe of action. JOHNS.

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SCENE II.

The Court. Flourish of trumpets. Enter RICHARD, *as King*, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

K.Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham—
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K.Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :—
But shall we wear these glories for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?
Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last !
K.Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—
Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K.Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K.Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K.Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live—true ! noble prince !—
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :—
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now ? Speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K.Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCK.
Cates. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.
K.Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys :[8] none are for me,
That look unto me with considerate eyes :—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy——
Page. My lord.
K.Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?[9]

[7] To play the touch—is to repreſent the touchſtone. STEEV.
[8] Unreſpective—is unattentive, taking no notice, inconſiderate. STEEV.
[9] Cloſe exploit—is ſecret act. JOHNS.

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Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K.Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K.Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him hither, boy. [*Exit Boy.*

—The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels;
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.——

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K.Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

—I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck out sin.[1]

Enter TYRREL.

Tear-falling pity dwell not in this eye.—
Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K.Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

(1) The same reflections occur in Macbeth,
——I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious, &c. STEEV.

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K.Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you: but I had rather kill two enemies.
K.Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K.Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K.Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K.Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K.Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K.Rich. I do remember me—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king! perhaps——
Buck. My lord——
K.Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—
K.Rich. Richmond!—When I was last at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it, Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,

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I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,——
K.Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K.Rich. But what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K.Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K.Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.[2]
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.
K.Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exit.*
Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:

(2) An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in the kingdom, was usually called a Jack of the clock-house. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. HAWKINS.

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Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost changed my mind:*
But, oh! the devil—there the villain stopt;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K.Rich. Kind Tyrrel!—am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget you happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K.Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K.Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K.Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at——after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K.Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord—

K.Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K.Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

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Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;[3]
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,[4]
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter the Queen, and the Duchess of YORK.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right[5]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son?

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

[3] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNS.
[4] Induction—is preface, introduction, first part. JOHNS.
[5] Right for right—is justice answering to the claims of justice. JOHNS.

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Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of signiory,[5]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
[*Sitting down with them.*
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
Forth from the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work:
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chace us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan![6]

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:

---

[5] Signiory—for seniority. JOHNS.

[6] Pue-fellow seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in 'the same box.' JOHNS.

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Young York he is but boot,[7] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead.

Queen. Oh! thou didst prophesy, the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,[8]
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes:
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, *God save the queen?*
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

(7) Boot—is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNS.

(8) Pageants are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk, which was distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEV.

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For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife—and queen of sad mischance—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou, well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were fairer than they were:
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attornies to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum within.*
I hear his drum—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,

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And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—sirike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed:——Strike, I say.
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
—Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[8]
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do then: but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?[9]
K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

(8) A ſpice or particle of your temper or diſpoſition. JOHNS.
(9) To grace ſeems here to mean the ſame as to bleſs, to make happy. As gracious is kind, and graces are favours. JOHNS.

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—Strike up the drum.
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K.Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K.Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror:
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life,[1] and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say Amen to her. [*Going.*
K.Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.
Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K.Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Queen. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty!
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K.Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Queen. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.
K.Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.
K.Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K.Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

(1) To serve is to accompany, servants being near the persons of their mistress. JOHNS.

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Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K.Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes.
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K.Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and your's,
Than ever you or your's by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K.Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K.Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.[2]

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?[3]

K.Rich. Even all I have? ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness date.

---

(2) Type—is exhibition, ſhow, diſplay. JOHNS.

(3) The ſenſe of the word demiſe is evident, but I do not remember it any where ſo uſed: perhaps it ſhould be deviſe, which the lawyers uſe for to transfer, or make over. JOHNS.

The common meaning of the verb, to demiſe, is to grant, from demittere, to devolve a right from one to another. STEEV.

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K.Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K.Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K.Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul, I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K.Rich. Even he that makes her queen: Who else should be?

Queen. What, thou?

K.Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K.Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K.Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York: then, haply, will she weep;
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K.Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K.Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Que. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.[4]

(4) Spoil—waste, havock. JOHNS.

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K.Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent;
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.[5]
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother.
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter, go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience:
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

(5) Bid is in the past tense from bide. JOHNS.

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And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats—

Queen. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever, last?[6]

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Queen. But she your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Two deep and dead poor infants in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Queen. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

(6) Young has borrowed this thought in his Universal Passion:
But say——my mistress and my friend,
Which day next week the eternity shall end? STEEV.

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The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K.Rich. Now by the world,—
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K.Rich. My father's death,—
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K.Rich. Then, by myself,—
Queen. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K.Rich. Why then, by heaven,—
Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for the dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K.Rich. By time to come.
Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it in their age;
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K.Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself, myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

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It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve;
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K.Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K.Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K.Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K.Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go.—Write to me very shortly.

K.Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewel.
[*Kissing her. Exit Queen.*
—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
—How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K.Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk;[7]
—Ratcliff, thyself; or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord,

K.Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K.Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* CATESBY.

[7] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNS.

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Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cat. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cates. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

—Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
For none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the sea?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north

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K.Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where and what time, your majesty shall please.
K.Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st fain be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was and never will be false.
K.Rich. Well go, muster thy men. But leave behind
Thy son, George Stanley; look, your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[8]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mes.* My lord, the army of the duke of Buckingham—
K.Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3 *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scattered;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K.Rich. Oh, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

[8] That is, more opponents. JOHNS.

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Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoist'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost;
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord STANLEY'S *house. Enter Lord* STANLEY, *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.[9]

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That, in the style of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.

(9) Dr. Johnson has observed, that Sir was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes; and says, it was a title sold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holiness might be on the same footing with the king. STEEV.

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But tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him ?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many others of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Return unto thy lord, commend me to him ;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *Enter the Sheriff and* BUCKINGHAM, *with halberds, led to execution.*

Buckingham.
WILL not king Richard let me speak with him ?
Sher. No, good my lord ; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice ;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
—This is All-Souls day, fellows, is it not ?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls day is my body's doomsday !
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies ;
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
This, this All-Souls day to my fearful soul

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Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs,[1]
That high All-seer whom I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms;
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember, Margaret was a prophetess.——
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.

SCENE II.

Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire. A camp. Enter HENRY *Earl of* RICHMOND, *Earl of* OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with drum and colours.*

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment:
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,[2] this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;

(1) Wrongs in this line means wrongs done, or injurious practices. JOHNS.
(2) Exenterated; cipped up: alluding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts againſt traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, drawn, i. e. embowelled, and quartered. JOHNS.

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Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
Rich. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth-Field. Enter King RICHARD *in arms, with the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and others.*

K.Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth-field.
—My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K.Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K.Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.
K.Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K.Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.——
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;——
Call for some men of sound direction:[3]——
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET, *&c.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.——
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
The earl of Pembroke keep his regiment;
—Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

(3) True judgment; tried military skill. JOHNS.

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Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril be it possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most heedful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—
Good night, good captain Blunt.—Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter to his tent King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. It's supper-time, my lord:
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

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Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch:[4]—
[*To* RATCLIFF.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.[5]
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K.Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K.Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
—So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K.Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me now, I say.
[*Exit* RATCLIFF.

RICHMOND's *tent opens, and discovers him, &c. Enter* STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law;
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney,[7] bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

(4) A watch has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt blue. JOHNS.

I believe that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a watch, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of what we now call a watch. STEEV.

(5) Staves are the wood of the lances. JOHNS.

(6) Cock-shut time is the time at which fowls go to roost. STEEV.

(7) By deputation. JOHNS.

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Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,[8]
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewel: the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,[9]
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rights of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,[1]
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

—O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE V.

Between the tents of RICHARD *and* RICHMOND: *they sleeping. Enter the Ghost of Prince* EDWARD, *son to* HENRY *the Sixth.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K.* RICH.
Think, how thou stabb'st me in the prime of youth

[8] I will take the beſt opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. JOHNS.

[9] We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this, however harſh it may ſeem, "I would do this, if leiſure would permit," where leiſure, as in this paſſage, ſtands for want of leiſure. JOHNS.

[1] To peize, i. e. to weigh down, from peſer, French. STEEV.

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At Tewksbury; despair therefore, and die!—
—Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
[*To* RICHM.
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY *the Sixth.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K.* RICH.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; despair, and die;
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!
—Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHM.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,[2]
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K.* RICH.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine;
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
—Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHM.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To K.* RICH.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To K.* RICH.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan! and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Richard, despair, and die!
[*To K.* RICH.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!
[*To* RICHM.

(2) This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of Henry the Sixth. JOHNS.

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Enter the Ghost of Lord HASTINGS.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K.* RICH.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!
—Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* RICHM.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins, smother'd in the Tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
[*To K.* RICH.
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death;
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!
—Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
[*To* RICHM.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of ANNE *his Wife.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
[*To K.* RICH.
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair and die!
—Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHM.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To K.* RICH.
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
—I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHM.

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But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*
[*K.* RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*
K.Rich. Give me another horse,[3]———bind up my wounds,———
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.——
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me![4]
The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? No;—Yes;—I am:
Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet, I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, *Guilty! guilty!*
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
[5]Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

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[3] There is in this as in many of our author's ſpeeches of paſſion, ſomething very trifling, and ſomething very ſtriking. Richard's debate, whether he ſhould quarrel with himſelf, is too long continued, but the ſubſequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNS.

[4] This is extremely fine. The ſpeaker had entirely got the better of his conſcience, and baniſhed it from all his waking thoughts. But it takes advantage of his ſleep, and frights him in his dreams. With great elegance therefore he is made to call it coward conſcience, which dares not encounter him while he is himſelf awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reaſon being off its guard, and the powers of the ſoul diſſolved in ſleep. WARB.

[5] Theſe lines ſtand with ſo little propriety at the end of this ſpeech, that I cannot but ſuſpect them to be miſplaced. Where then ſhall they be inſerted? Perhaps after theſe words,——Fool do not flatter. JOHNS.

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Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,——
K.Rich. Who's there?
Rat. My lord, 'tis I: The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K.Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,———
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K.Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

RICHMOND *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD, *and others.*

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction. [*He advances to the Troops.*
—More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,
God, and our good cause fight upon our side:
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,

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Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,[6]
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set:[7]
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;[8]
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *&c.*

K.Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

---

[6] To 'make means' was, in Shakespeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified, to come to any thing by indirect practices. STEEV.

[7] It is plain that foil cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (feuille) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNS.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized stone. I have seen a brown crystal, set with a pink foil, which has made it appear very beautiful. STEEV.

[8] The fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNS.

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K.Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K.Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.——
[*Clock strikes.*
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K.Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day it will be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,——
Rat. My lord?
K.Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day!
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K.Rich. Come, bustle, bustle!———Caparison my horse;——
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and St. George to boot![9]—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign——
This found I in my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*
K.Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.——
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

[9] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success, and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. JOHNS.

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Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;——
A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,
A scum of Bretagne's, and base lackey-peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures. and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne, at his mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip those stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd;
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves![1]

Enter a Messenger.

—What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy hath pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

[1] That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. JOHNS.

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Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field. Alarm. Excursions. Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue ! rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord ! or else the day is lost !

Alarm. Enter King RICHARD.

K.Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse !
K.Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :——
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
[*Exeunt.*

Alarms. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND ; *they fight,* RICHARD *is slain.*

Retreat, and flourish. Enter RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !
Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all !—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living ?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;

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Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births,
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:——
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!——
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.——
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

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I ſhall here ſubjoin two Notes, one by Mr. Theobald, and one by Dr. Warburton, upon the "vice."

KING RICHARD III. ACT III. SCENE I. Page 46.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.]

By Vice, the author means not a quality, but a perſon. There was hardly an old play, till the period of the Reformation, which had not in it a Devil, and a droll character, a jeſter, (who was to play upon the devil,) and this buffoon went by the name of a Vice. This buffoon was at firſt accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Harlequin) he was to make ſport in belabouring the Devil. This was the conſtant entertainment in the times of popery, whilſt ſpirits, and witchcraft, and exorciſing held their own. When the Reformation took place, the ſtage ſhook off ſome groſſities, and increaſed in refinements. The maſter-devil then was ſoon diſmiſſed from the ſcene; and this buffoon was changed into a ſubordinate fiend, whoſe buſineſs was to range on earth, and ſeduce poor mortals into that perſonated vicious quality, which he occaſionally ſupported; as, iniquity in general, hypocriſy, uſury, vanity, prodigality, gluttony, &c. Now, as the fiend (or vice,) who perſonated Iniquity (or Hypocriſy, for inſtance) could never hope to play his game to the purpoſe but by hiding his cloven foot, and aſſuming a ſemblance quite different from his real character; he muſt certainly put on a formal demeanour, moraliſe and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a meaning directly oppoſite to his genuine and primitive intention. If this does not explain the paſſage in queſtion, 'tis all I can at preſent ſuggeſt upon it.

THEO.

That the buffoon, or jeſter of the old Engliſh farces, was called the Vice, is certain: and that in their moral repreſentations, it was common to bring in the deadly ſins, is as true. Of theſe we have yet ſeveral remains. But that the Vice uſed to aſſume the perſonage of thoſe ſins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's. The truth is, the Vice was always a fool or jeſter: And, (as the woman, in the Merchant of Venice, calls the clown, alluding to this character,) a 'merry devil.' Whereas theſe mortal ſins were ſo many ſad ſerious ones. But what miſled our editor was the name Iniquity, given to this vice: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries.

As this reading hath occaſioned our ſaying ſomething of the barbarities of theatrical repreſentations amongſt us before the time of Shakeſpeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehenſion of this matter, to give the reader ſome general account of the riſe and progreſs of the modern ſtage.

The firſt form in which the drama appeared in the weſt of Europe, after the deſtruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulneſs had ſucceeded upon letters what the rage of barbariſm had begun, was that of the Myſteries. Theſe were the faſhionable and favourite diverſions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which laſt place, as we learn by Stowe, they were in uſe about the time of Richard the ſecond and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the firſt rudiments of their ſtage, with regard to the matter, were profane ſubjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient mimes and atellianes: by which means they got ſooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongſt them wrote as early as the 15th century.

As to theſe Myſteries, they were, as their name ſpeaks them, a repreſentation of ſome ſcripture-ſtory, to the life: as may be ſeen from the following paſſage in an old French hiſtory, intitled, La Chronique de Metz compoſee par le cure de St. Euchaire; which will give the reader no bad idea of the ſurpriſing abſurdity of theſe ſtrange repreſentations: "L'an 1437 le Juillet (ſays the honeſt Chronicler) fut fait le jeu de la Paſſion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un fire appelle Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchaſtel lequel etoit Cure de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fut ete ſecour-

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us; & convient quun autre Pretre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Cure de St Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et fit tres hautement ſon perſonage; & dura le dit jeu ——— Et autre Pretre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange. fut Judas: lequel fut preſque mort en pendant car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hativement dependu & porte en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tres bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et iſſer; & avoit deux groſs Culs d'Acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of repreſentations archbiſhop Harſnet, in his Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures, p. 71, ſays, "The little children were never ſo afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, ſtaring eyes, and foul bottle noſe." Carew, in his ſurvey of Cornwal, gives a fuller deſcription of them in theſe words, "The Guary Miracle, in Engliſh a Miracle Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corniſh out of ſome ſcripture hiſtory. For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre out in ſome open field, having the diameter of an incloſed playne, ſome forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe Myſteries, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better perſonage than the devil himſelf. Even in the myſtery of the Paſſion mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by Shakeſpeare (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the Taming of the Shrew, where one of the players aſks for "a little vinegar (as a property) to make their devil roar." For after the ſponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been holy-water, afforded infinite diverſion to the people. So that vinegar in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old Engliſh proverbs, in which the devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly, which all aroſe from the part he bore in theſe Myſteries, as in that for inſtance of "Great cry and little wool, as the devil ſaid when he ſheared his hogs." For the ſheep-ſhearing of Nabal being repreſented in the myſtery of David and Abigail, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by ſhearing a hog. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the ridiculous in the ancient mimes, as we learn from theſe words of St. Auſtin: Ne faciamus ut mimi ſolent, et optemus a libero aquam, a lymphis vinum.

Theſe Myſteries, we ſee, were given in France at firſt, as well as in England, ſub dio, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company eſtabliſhed in the Hotel de Bourgogne to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the myſteries made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their ſuppreſſion. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, preſented a requeſt againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old Teſtament ſtories inclined the people to Judaiſm; that the New Teſtament ſtories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the charities to the poor: it ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded: for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the Hotel de Bourgogne, but interdicted the repreſentation of the Myſteries. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongſt them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themſelves from religious to moral farces. And in this we ſoon followed them: the public taſte not ſuffering any greater alteration at firſt, tho' the Italians at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions for better models. Theſe farces they called Moralities. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, though in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called Sottie, in which there was un Payſan (the Clown) under the name of Sot Commun (or Fool.) But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the French, blended the Moralite and Sottie together: So that the Pay-

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ſon or Sot Commun, the Clown or Fool, got a place in our ſerious Moralities: Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our Shakeſpeare makes to them: as in theſe lines of Love's Labour's Loſt, act v. ſc. 2.

So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my Fool, and I his Fate.

But the French, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of tragedy and comedy; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called tragi-comedy. WARB.

I have nothing to add to theſe obſervations, but that ſome traces of this antiquated exhibition are ſtill retained in the ruſtic puppet-plays, in which I have ſeen the Devil very luſtily belaboured by Punch, whom I hold to be the legitimate ſucceſſor of the old Vice. JOHNS.

END OF VOL. V.

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